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OR,

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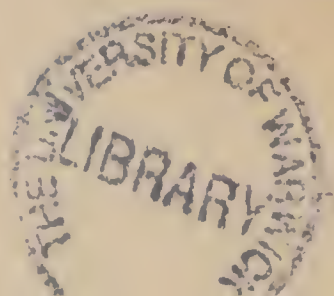
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BENSALLA (a mute Attendant and a dumb
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"One Fair Daughter," whose slightest
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Corps de Ballet.*



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Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

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SCENE I.

**SALOON in the PACHA'S PALACE at ABYDOS.**

A sweet spot and a despot—"Where's your elder brother?"—distressing scene between Selim and his supposed parent—a dread resolve—arrival of the belle (the Audience providing the clapper)—a gentle hint—a modest proposal and rash eruption on the part of Selim—departure of the bully and arrival of the billet—"What! No! Can it be?"—the assignation, the declaration, and the peroration.

SCENE II.

**GARDENS OF THE PALACE.**

A serious, and luckily a very short one.

SCENE III.

**SOMEWHERE OR ANOTHER IN ABYDOS.**

The romance of Zulieka, the reverse of Zobiede, and the perfidy of the pirates—sudden appearance of the Abydos Boguey—Mirza questions Zobiedie on the verb *Amo Amas*, and begs of her to *aim-at* his head—Mirza having scene her indulges in a scena, (please give this word its Anglican pronunciation,) on his own account.

SCENE IV.

**THE PIRATE'S HAUNT.**

The secret of the Aphis Vastator of Abydos—the long-lost Son—universal beer and double ex-tacy of everybody.

SCENE V.

**APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.**

Osman Bey's love does not run as smoothly as might be wished—*De Lunatico Inquirendo*—Midsummer Madness—Zulieka cuts up father and executes her pas—refusal to love, honor, and o-Bey—agony of every one.

SCENE VI.

**TERRACE on the SHORES of the HELLESPONT.**

**BALLET OF ALMAS.**

To be followed by the

**WONDERFUL ACROBATIC EVOLUTIONS**

Of Signor SPINDLESHANKERINI'S PERFORMING DERVISHES, unrivalled in grace, strength, and daring, and entitled the

**Feats of the Flying Voltigeurs of Camden Town.**

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### Characters.

- GIAFFIR (*the usurping Pacha of Abydos, of whom, having no right whatever to the title, we may say his offence is rank*) ..... Mr. H. J. TURNER.
- SELIM (*his supposed Son, a fast [and loose] young Oriental Guardsman, with a penchant for cigars, latch-keys, and late hours—in short, a regular young Turk*) ..... Miss SWANBOROUGH.
- MIRZA (*the Pirate of the Isles, and terror of Abydos—an individual whose ablutionary habits are confined to scrubbing his decks and scouring the seas—a pattern pirate—although supposed to be doubly dyed, warranted not to wash*) ..... Mr. CHARLES YOUNG.
- OSMAN BEY (*an elderly Timariot Chief-tain, who is certainly old and ugly enough to know better*) ..... Mr. FRANK SEYMOUR.
- MULEY } (*subordinate Pirates, anything* { Mr. MEAGRESON.  
SADI } (*but pretty scoundrels*) ..... { Mr. BAYLEY
- HAROUN (*a mysterious Nubian Slave*) ..... Mr. POYNTER.
- BENSALLA (*a mute Attendant and a dumb Waiter*) ..... Mr. EDGE.

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GENERAL JOLLITY!

[*This Piece is the Property of Miss Swanborough.*]

## THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.



### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Saloon in the Pacha's Palace.*—GIAFFIR seated on a cushion, c., smoking a chibouque—Two FEMALE SLAVES fanning him; HAROUN, R. An ATTENDANT with a bow-string, and several TURKS present.

*Opening Chorus.*—"Sultan Polka."

Hail, to the great Pacha!  
Who's slightest will is law,  
Bow down to the floor!  
All hail to the great Pacha!

GIAF. (*rises*) Stop!—cease your praise.

(*to HAROUN.*) Of me, of course you may, sir,  
Be valuer, but be no more a-praiser.  
I'm fretted—harass'd! worried, and bothered.

(*a TURK yawns*)

You yawn again, friend, and, we'll have you smothered.  
Let no one whisper, or so much as cough——

(*a TURK sneezes, and appears dreadfully alarmed*)  
(*with a fierce grin*) I think you sneezed? The bow-string:—walk him off!

(*the ATTENDANT with bow-string takes him off*)

And now, Haroun, what does the Sultan say?

Was he polite to you, and friendly, eh?

This pirate, is he executed?

HAROUN.

No,

The Sultan's pardoned him.

GIAF.

Well, here's a go!

Pardon a pirate, no! it can't be true.

HAROUN. The Sultan says, he's quite as good as you.

If he's a *what's his name*, that you're another:

His compliments, and—*where's your elder brother?*

GIAF. Ha! ha! The scoundrel in my secret's dabbling;

Who told him of that babby? you've been babb'ling



'Tis plain, in his new honour he's exultin'.

The message of this Sultan's most in-sultin.

(*clutching HAROUN*) Nubian, you're drunk : and use this language *through beer* :

You love *old ale*, although you come from Nu-bia !

HAROUN. Dread lord ! indeed he used these very words :

'Tis but his way.

GIAF. (*releasing him*) His *whew* !—my blood's all curds.

(*aside*) Oh, my offence is rank : the rank of king,

Or rather pacha—the same sort of thing.

I see that elder brother day and night,

Taking, what boys denominate “ a sight.”

(*aloud*) Talking of boys, that Selim, where's he got

Please me, by telling me he's drowned or shot :

Say, that he's dashed to pieces, done for, do ?

HAROUN. But, sire, he's your son !

GIAF. (*aside*) Hem ! (*aloud*) That's very true.

Oh, here he comes ! (*aside*) I hate him and his crew !

*Enter SELIM, L. (a languid young oriental dandy)*

GIAF. Dog, where's your lovely sister ?

SELIM. In her skin.

Come, I say, governor, I want some tin :

My tailor troubles me confoundedly.

GIAF. Don't with a tale o' troubles bother me.

SELIM. My bootmaker's just called, and made a riot.

GIAF. What's his name, spendthrift ?

SELIM. Hobby.

GIAF. Ho, be quiet

SELIM. My castermonger's sent his little matter,

And hopes you'll pay him !

GIAF. Does he ? Who's your hatter ?

Don't smoke so, boy, I wonder how you can

Treat my divan like the Cigar Divan !

Keep early hours, disobedient lad,

Shun Evans's !

SELIM. Oh, *Evans* ! is he mad ?

Why I'm a soldier.

GIAF. (*bowing mockingly*) Oh ! I'm all contrition ;

Soldier, I thought you sold your sub's commission,

You never fight, indeed, I think afraid you're too,

Ne'er on parade though often I've pa-rayed you to

E'en from your infancy you have been bad,

You always were a most contrary lad,

Would kick your nurse—break your expensive toys,

And liked to play with dirty little boys,

You always, as your equals used to treat 'em  
Would make mud pies, and what's more used to eat 'em.  
Son of a slave !

SELIM. No more a slave than you !

GIAF. (*half crying*) That's right ! abuse your poor old father,  
do !

(*violently*) Where is your sister ? If you've lost her, dread  
A parent's rage—like me you'll lose your head !  
The very notion drives me nearly wild,  
For, as I draw this sabre. (*half draws his sabre*)

SELIM. Draw it mild !

I've had enough of this—I don't admire it,  
I've made my mind up, I shall turn a pirate.

*Song.*—SELIM.—“ *The Young Recruit.* ”

Selim, boy, leave off thy dreaming,  
You a pirate soon shall be,  
You a pirate soon shall be.  
’Tis a life with glory teeming,  
That of rover of the sea !  
With my sword in my hand  
I shall rush on the foe ;  
If he makes any stand  
I shall give it him, so ! (*making passes at GIAFFIR*)  
Yes, I flatter me, papa,  
’Tis the life cut out for me—  
A rover of the foaming sea !  
A rover of the foaming sea !

I shall not wait for to-morrow,  
Or my purpose may break down,  
Or my purpose may break down.  
Have you—though I hate to borrow,  
Such a thing as half-a-crown ?  
Presently I'll say good bye,  
And a sobbing parting take ;  
As a gift I leave my bills—  
Pay 'em, for your Selim's sake ;  
For I flatter me, papa, &c.

GIAF. (*breaking into the tune of*) “ *Has anybody seen my Dinah ?* ”

Has anybody seen Zulieka !

Has anybody seen her ?—*Chorus.*—No

GIAF. Not anybody seen Zulieka ?

Wherever can she have got to ?

*Chorus.*—(*to each other interrogatively*) Has anybody, &c.”

*Enter ZULIEKA, with a basket of shell fish and sea weed on her arm.*

GIAF. My child! embrace! another! yet another!

ZULIE. (*pushing him from her*) And now, papa, please let me kiss my brother.

(*SELIM and ZULIEKA embrace ZOBEIDE—SELIM retires, with a look of fond admiration at ZULIEKA*)

ZOBEI. (*aside*) In the saloon, relations kissing—oh! Those saloon busses must be precious slow.

GIAF. (*aside*) Brother, indeed!—ha, ha, she little thinks! What have you here, my Peri?

ZULIE. Peri-winks!

You are well partial to them, that I knew,  
And so I thought, "*well, Pa shall have a few.*"

*Song.—ZULIEKA.—"Shells of the Ocean."*

This summer eve with pensive step  
I wandered on the shore, papa,  
You know you relish oysters pep—  
Per'd, and soused in vinegar,  
And periwinkles, well I ween,  
When they are cool from being bil'd  
I've often seen you take a pin,  
And thus you'd eat them like a child.

GIAF. Bless thee, my girl! Bensalla, (*stamps*) will you look? Here, take these mussels quickly to the cook, Tell him he'd best officiate with skill, For 'tis a fish I hate to have cook'd ill.

(*BENSALLA salaams and exits, R., with basket*)  
The divan's dissolved! I feel a sort of dizziness,  
Which—which—in short, I don't feel up to business.

*Music.—All salaam and exeunt, except ZOBEIDE, HAROUN, and ZULIEKA—HAROUN at back*

GIAF. (*brings ZULIEKA down*) And now that we're alone, my child, I grieve!

ZOBEI. He—hem!

GIAF. (*to HAROUN*) Give her a very gentle hint to leave.

ZULIE. Now, don't offend her.

GIAF. Mind what your about!

ZULIE. A gentle hint!

HAROUN. A gentle hint?

(*loudly and abruptly to ZOBEIDE*) Get out!

ZOBEI. Get out! oh, I suppose you mean to say,  
That I am slightly——

HAROUN. Rather in the way:  
Just so.



ZOBEL. (*going*) I wouldn't for the world distress 'em.  
 (*aside*) There are such articles as key-holes, bless 'em.  
*Exit, L., HAROUN follows her.*

GIAF. My child, I'm bankrupt : bailiffs, even now  
 Are in the court, a kicking up a row ;  
 The royal bakers crusty turn, and beat  
 My gates, in angry groups the butchers *meet* ;  
 The brewer like a perfect *bruin's* used us :  
 And the grocer has most *grocer-ly* abused us ;  
 I've ne'er had, though, with death I meet each crime,  
 So many *executions* at a time.

ZULIE. Would I could help you ?

GIAF. So, my dear, you can ?  
 There lives hard by, a very worthy man,  
 Who loves you,——

ZULIE. Law !

GIAF. Come, come, what do you say,  
 To such a catch as——

ZULIE. Well, pa ?

GIAF. Osman Bey ?

ZULIE. Osman's bride ?—never !

GIAF. Don't you be a rash 'un :  
 And, don't you put this Pacha in a passion :  
 He's got my word, to break it would be wicked :  
 My very honor's pawned,——

ZULIE. Pawned ?

GIAF. That's the ticket !  
 (*distant march—piano*)

SELIM *rushing down.*

SELIM. Here ! I forbid the banns : it must not be,  
 Old Osman Bey is over eighty-three ;  
 And verging on the grave some time has been,  
 Whilst this young *virging's* only seventeen.  
 Osman, don't like you : often doth deride us ;  
 He hates Abydos, and, he can't *abide-us*.  
 You can't—you shan't—you won't—you mustn't do it !  
 (*aside to ZULIEKA*) Keep up your pecker, and, I'll see  
 you through it.

GIAF. Son of burnt father, I've a mind to slay you.

ZULIE. Marry a Bey ! oh, pa, I can't o-bey you.

GIAF. Pooh ! Osman's coming : I shall soon be back ;  
 Remember ! acquiescence, or—the sack. *Exit at back.*

(ZULIEKA falls into SELIM's arms)

SELIM. Her parent's anger's put her in a flutter :  
 Though he's *home-bred*, I feel that I love *but-her* ;

Of all I've seen, I do adore her most :  
*(confidentially to audience)* And really, between you, me,  
 and—— *(Postman's knock)*

SELIM.

The post !

*Enter HAROUN, with letter, L.*

HAROUN. A letter.

*(gives it to SELIM, who tears it open and seems dumb  
 foundered at its contents ; HAROUN goes to back of  
 the stage watching the pair)*

ZULIE. *(aside)* From some pert and forward she :  
 I'll scratch her nasty eyes out if it be !

SELIM. *(staggering)* What do I see ? My brain's all in a whirl ;  
 Read it, Zulieka ! read it out, my pearl.

*(hands it to ZULIEKA, who starts in imitation of SELIM)*

Here, give me air ! I feel that I shall smother !

ZULIE. What's this I read ? *That you are not my brother !*

SELIM. *(snatches the letter back and repeats the start—reads)*

“ Meet me to night, the cavern by the shore,  
 That's called the pirate's haunt, I'll tell you more ;  
 Rely upon it—every word is true.

*(Signed)* Yours sincerely—Hoop de dooden do !”

SELIM. *(aside)* This then was the cause of my so loving her !

*Enter ZOBEL.*

ZOBEL. Oh, look out, miss ! here comes your cross old governor !

*Exeunt HAROUN and ZOBEL ; SELIM rapturously  
 embraces ZULIEKA.*

SELIM. My pride ! my bride ! say that you'll wed me, do.

ZULIE. Whate'er betide—I will be tied to you !

*Duet.—“ Doodah.”*

SELIM. One soft embrace—I won't be long.

ZULIE. Do, dear ! do, dear !

SELIM. It's pleasant, though it may be wrong.

ZULIE. Do, dear ! do, dear !—stay.

SELIM. I go to seek my parent, pet.

ZULIE. True, dear ! true, dear !

SELIM. A fact you seem to quite forget.

ZULIE. True, dear ! go dear, pray !

SELIM. I'm going to be out all night,  
 I'm going to be out all day ;

I'm going to see my daddy, and turn a pirate laddy,  
 But I'll quickly come, and carry you away.

ZULIE. He's going to be out all night,  
 He's going to be out all day;  
 I don't care for my daddy,  
 But I'll wed my pirate laddy,  
 And anybody else may have the Bey.

*Exeunt, opposite sides.*

SCENE II.—*Gardens of the Palace.*

*Enter HAROUN, meditatively.*

HAROUN. Oh, what a thing to do a deed of good!  
 You wouldn't think 'twas in me—no; who would?  
 But, 'neath this tawny cuticle there beats,  
 A heart as soft as first-class railway seats;  
 Warm as Wolverton tea, which makes you blink,  
 And which they never give you time to drink.  
 One day—may that returning day be night!  
 Giaffir knock'd down and then blew up this wight  
 For something—or for nothing—I was weak,  
 He slapp'd me in the chops!—I like his cheek!  
 Where'er I went, in gardens, grounds, or park,  
 For two whole months I was a man of *mark*!  
 Ever since then he's tried to smooth me down;  
 Given this black, oh, many and many a brown;  
 Says, when I die, he will, he do declare,  
 Give me a statue in 'Trafalgar' Square,  
 Where, with the fountains' sprinkling that they get,  
 Each statue soon becomes a statue-wet.  
 Besides, as I am but a benefactor  
 To all my kind, *I'm* not the right character  
 For such a post—were I renown'd in fight  
 Or gifted with the gab, perhaps, I might;  
 Being a mere philanthropist and sage;  
 Why—they may well call it a de-jenner-ate age.

*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Landscape; sea to the left; a practicable opening  
 in the foliage, R.*

*Music.—Enter MULEY and SADI, R., two pirates.*

SADI. Well, things are very dull, my precious eyes;  
 It's a good fortnight since we've grabbed a prize.  
 MULEY. It's all the captain's fault—he's turned so queer,  
 He's lost his appetite—neglects his beer;  
 And if we don't do 'xactly what he bids:  
 Claps us in quod, and won't allow us quids!



He used to be a regular tip-topper—  
That was, before he turned tobacco stopper.

SADI. Here comes a tidy craft, and in her wake  
Another one;—let's observations take.

MULEY. Now who'd ha' thought to——

SADI. Quick! let's hide us!

MULEY. Come across Margate, out here at Abydos.

*Enter ZULIEKA, with a parasol and a green novel in her hand,  
ZOBELIDE follows with a parasol and another green novel, L.*

ZULI. (*raptuously*) How sweet it is to wander by the sea,  
Catching the mermaids' mournful melody.

ZOBEL. Delightful, really! but suppose instead,  
You only catch a cold, miss, in your head?

ZULIE. (*not noticing the observation*) As evening o'er the ocean  
drops its veil,  
Catching its softly, faintly dying wail.

ZOBEL. (*aside*) Poetic fancy she has got her share of.  
(*aloud*) We're not *whale* catchers, miss, that I'm aware of.  
Mermaids indeed! I know their fishy forms,  
Like Mother Carey's chickens, signs of storms;  
Combing their briny locks with graceful motion,  
Turning the peaceful billows to *comb ocean*.  
With tales like whiting, being weighed in scales,  
And luring folks with their *in-writing tales*.

(PIRATES *advance quickly*)

ZULIE. Should Selim ne'er come back. (*weeps*)

ZOBEL. With rage I burns,  
"Twill be high time to pipe when he returns.

*Smg.*—ZOBELIDE.—“*Good-bye Sweetheart.*”

Oh, my stars, miss, your heart is breaking;  
You *do* drop pearls in bitter grief,  
And to your eyes are always taking  
Your handkerchief—your handkerchief.  
Those tears will turn your hair quite grey,  
All red and swollen make each eye;  
You'd best take my advice, and say,  
Good-bye, Selim, good-bye.

ZULIE. You have no poetry.

ZOBEL. No, not a line.

ZULIE. I love the sea and sailors!

MULEY. (*seizing her*) Then you're mine.

(*melo-dramatic music*—SADI *seizes* ZOBELIDE—*struggle*)

ZULIE. Oh, mercy!

ZOBEL. Ere I go with you I die will!

ZULIE. Will no one rescue us?

MIRZA *the Pirate Captain suddenly enters through an opening in the foliage, with a combat sword in his hand, he is enveloped in every kind of offensive weapon.*

MIRZA.

Yes, missus, I will.

(*Picture.*—MULEY, R.; SADI, L.; MIRZA, C., *with the GIRLS behind him*)

MIRZA. Leave'em alone!—no nonsense!—Sadi, stop it!

No more of this behaviour, Muley, drop it!

Sadi, I've done with you: what would you do, man?

The cove who'd thus insult defenceless—a—wooman,

Doesn't deserve (in your case your week's salary,)

The name of man—a—(*aside*) Bravo from the gallery.

MULEY. But they're our prizes, sir.

MIRZA.

Fiddle-lee-dee!

"Our prizes, sir."—Well, you *surprises* me.

MULEY. (*sulkily*) Oh, nonsense! you're no more a man than we—a pirate!

MIRZA. (*snatching forth an enormous pistol, with great energy*)

D'ye see this toy?—take care that I don't fire it.

Slaves! dogs! obey me, or this shingly soil

Soaks up your—a—life's blood—a—drop your spoil!

Or I shall spoil you both, my boys, for life!

What business has a pirate with a wife?

One haughty glance—but one defiant look—

A single sneer—and both your geese I cook.

A pirate tickle ladies! Where's your breeding?

It's a most impirat—ical proceeding!

MULEY. Dread Mirza, but——

MIRZA.

Dread Mirza won't be buttered!

Absquatulate before your doom be uttered.

To let *you* touch those darlings I'd be loath;

You'll not have either, (*aside*) I shall have 'em both.

SADI. (*aside*) Caulked!

MULEY. (*aside*)

Baulked! Here, Sadi, come with me—

It's all up.

*Exeunt MULEY and SADI.*

ZOBEL.

*Exeunt, vagabonds, O. P.*

MIRZA. Be—ueheous! blessed! blooming! b—lushing ladies!

Though slaughter, blood and robbery, my trade is,

Yet I am not,

(*to king piercingly at ZULIEKA*) That is—not quite so bad

As I appear—ha, ha! (*wildly*) I shall go mad!

ZULIE. What is the matter with you, may I question?

Is't disappointed love?

ZOBEL.

Or indigestion?

MIRZA. (*suddenly snatching ZULIEKA's hand*) Lady, I love you!

ZULIE. Gracious! am I dreaming?  
Zobeide, favour me at once by screaming.

MIRZA. (*violently to ZOBEIDE*) Leave us!

ZOBEI. I shan't!

ZULIE. (*coquettishly*) Well, perhaps, Zobeide dear,  
"Twere better if you'd *not stand quite so near*.

ZOBEI. Of course, miss, if *you* wish it I have done;  
(*aside*) For two is company and three is none. *Exit, L.*

MIRZA. (*kneels*) Your suitor on his knee!

ZULIE. Your Latin tutor!

Search, and you'll find a line about "ne Sutor!"

MIRZA. Love adores contrasts—you are soft and mild,  
A wanderer I o'er the Great Globe am wild;  
My skiff is by the shore, a mile from this is,  
She's got a mast—a, but she wants a missis;  
Oh, to my sudden, but true passion mark,  
Marry this luckless dog, *and share his bark*

ZULIE. Oh, cease this dog-grel!

MIRZA. Oh, become my wife,  
And take my heart, or please to take my life!

(*hands axe from belt, in the manner of Richard the Third*)

Lo! here I tend thee this sharp pointed axe,  
Oblige me with a half a dozen cracks,  
Or rather at this ocular let fly,  
Do me the favour to axe my eye,  
Then with the handle without further bother,  
With half a dozen prods please job out 'tother.

ZULIE. (*attempts to strike him but fails*) No, no, I can't, I can't  
perform the job.

MIRZA. Give me at least, a *one, two*, on the nob.

ZULIE. I've half a mind to do so ere you rise.

(*is about to strike him, he puts up his hand*)

MIRZA. But, you shall have a *crinoline* that size:

(*describing a circle half the size of the stage*)

(*rises*) Behold my form!

ZULIE. Like Selim's form give *me* limbs,  
I never anywhere see limbs like *Se—lim's*.

MIRZA. (*widly*) Selim, that name! where am I? Where?  
Oh! where?

Oh, mercy! bring me to him—give me air!

I am Abdallah! boy; thy father, here!

(*turning to ZULIEKA*) You're quite sure you said Selim,  
ain't you, dear?

ZULIE. (*nods*)

MIRZA. Then all was true—the story of Haroun,  
And I shall meet him, my boy, Selim, soon;



Strain him within these arms, revenge the crime  
Which parted son and parent. (to ZULIEKA) What's the  
time? (*a tambour heard*)

*Enter ZOBEIDE.*

ZOBEI. Hark, that tambour!

MIRZA. I hear the jolly row;  
It's a tam-bore—it's interrupting now.

*Duet.—ZOBEIDE and ZULIEKA.—German Polka.*

ZOBEI. Come—come, miss, we'd best be going;  
Gracious, goodness! there's no knowing,  
How your pa will be a blowing  
Everybody up sky high.

ZULIE. Thoughts of Selim, doubtless, waiting;  
Sets my heart a palpitating.

ZOBEI. Come—come, miss, we shall be late in;  
We must do our hair for dinner.

ZULIE. Folks in love don't care for dinner.

(*curtseying to MIRZA*)

ZULIE. { Sorry, sir, but we are going;

ZOBEI. { Gracious, goodness! there's, &c.

{ Come—come, miss, we'd best be going, &c.

*The LADIES dance off, L.*

*Song.—MIRZA.—Air, "The Admiral."*

How merrily, how cheerily, I pass my life along;  
For a pirate's life's a pleasant one, although extremely wrong.  
For——

*Air.—"Over the Sea."*

Over the sea—over the sea;  
March, and you won't find a rover like me.

Over the sea—over the sea;  
Remorseless, but gentlemanlie.

For I dart! dart! dart!

Dart on my victim—and, after I've lick'd him

We part! part! part!

Quietly part companie——

*Air.—"Bartlemy Fair."*

I don't mind telling you, for upon my word—it's true;  
When the pirate of the isle's blood within his system biles,  
He's fiercer, I declare, than the tiger in his lair;  
Though no bragger, sword, or dagger, is the same to him.

What, defied! Stand aside!

Yield your prey! I'll take my way.

On your knees. (*to Mr. Montgomery*) Play up please.

(*he goes through a melo-dramatic struggle to the rest of the tune*)

*Air.*—“*The Bay of Biscay.*”

Loud rolls the dreadful thunder,  
The forked lightning flash;  
The pirate captain thirsts to  
Settle some one's hash.  
A vessel sails this way,  
Down men! your chief obey—

*Air.*—“*Hoop de dooden do.*”

My prisoner begins to cry,  
And begs for mercy probably;  
What do you think's my answer? Why—  
Hoop de dooden do.

And having had a hearty quiz,  
Until the tears run down his phiz;  
Why, then, I sticks my knife in his—  
Hoop de dooden do.

*Characteristic dance, and off.*

SCENE IV.—*The Pirate's Haunt; a cave with sea at back.*

MULEY, SADI, and PIRATES, *discovered carousing*; HAROUN *in an opening leading to another cavern, R.*—*Enter SELIM, dressed as a pirate, short sword and pistols.*

SELIM. To sea or not to sea, that is the question:  
Whether it is nobler in a chap to suffer  
The waves and billows of the brave old buffer,  
Or, to take arms, turn soldier without trouble,  
And lead one ceaseless round of boil and bubble

*Song.*—SELIM.

*Air.*—“*The Canteencer.*”

I'll be off in a canter near;  
—ly as fast as the horse who ran  
A week or two back,  
And won in a crack.  
I allude to the bold Beadsman,  
To the beautiful bold Beadsman.  
When towards the course they're marching  
In crowds, and throats are parching,  
And “they're off! they're off! they're off!” the people shout  
As they swiftly pass; why, I raise my glass  
To my unimpassion'd eye,

And "'tis white! no, 'tis green! no, 'tis red! no, 'tis blue!  
With a languid lip, why, I coolly sip,  
Just a glass of bitter beer.

I'll be off, &c.

HAROUN. (*comes down, R.*) He's here before his time, I like his speed.

My heart warms at the thought of this good deed:  
I feel each moment that I live, I should  
Like to be doing somebody some good.  
That Paynim Giaffir hates me without doubt,  
I've no compunction then, in *payin' him out*;  
When Mirza claims his own, I'll have a share in't.  
Here comes the heir apparent's *hairy parent*! (*retires*)

*Enter MIRZA from Boat, comes down, C.*—SELIM, *spell-bound*, follows him.

MIRZA. Mark me!

SELIM. I will! (*aside*) However did he come?

MIRZA. I am thy father's spirit:—

SELIM. (*aside*) Well, *that's rum*!

MIRZA. Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,—  
Policeman like.

SELIM. Are you sure you're all right?  
And not escaped, excuse me, if I'm bold,  
From Hanwell, or—

MIRZA. I could a tale unfold,  
Who's lightest word would harrow up,  
(SELIM *shivers*) Don't shiver!

SELIM. You mentioned *harrow*, and it made me *quiver*.

MIRZA. Freeze thy young blood, and make those eye-balls split.  
(SELIM *yawns in a blasé manner*)

(*enraged*) Although I *bawls*, you don't attend a bit!

SELIM. All right! drive on, old boy, I heard each word, ah!

MIRZA. Revenge my foul and most unnatural murder!

SELIM. (*starting wilding*) Stay, you imperfect speaker—tell me more.

In th' vernacular blank verse is a *baw*;  
To burlesque Hamlet, longer I should regret,  
Now, I am-let into this fearful secret.

*Song.*—"Downfall of Paris."

MIRZA. (*grasping arm*) 'Twas given out, and spread about,  
And was a theme for laughter soon,  
That sleeping in my orchard,  
'Twas my custom of an afternoon.  
A viper stung me! in they flung me:  
There, as faint, I lay, oh dear;



The viper was my brother.

I must really vipe away a tear.

He put some pyson in my hyson,

Opium, or ar-se-nic.

Excuse my language, but I do

Consider him a Sassenach.

A pirate now by fame,

Yet Abdallah is my name ;

And, though you mayn't believe it, boy,

This Pachalick is mine !

That for pyson, you are my son :

How you've grown is quite surprisin' !

Selim, I'm your daddy : yes, my boy, you're really  
mine !

It's as true, as Mr. Albert Smith,

Doth daily sing a song of pith,

At th' place they call

Th' Egyptian Hall,

'Bout going down the Rhine.

MIRZA. Embrace me !

SELIM. Father ! (*quietly embracing him*)

MIRZA. Selim, nonsense, stay !

Let's embrace properly—that's not the way.

(*they go to opposite sides, and rush into each other's arms  
in the approved style of melodrama—chord in the  
orchestra*)

Once more my child I see—ha, ha, ha, ha !

You'll prove a life pill to your poor old Pa !

This meeting, though, will make, my long-lost filius,

Your uncle *bile*, and make your *anti-bilious*.

SELIM. Haven't I grown ?

MIRZA. Oh, haven't you !—my eye !

When I last saw you, you were just so high ;

(*placing his hand about three inches from the ground*)

I left you quite a shrimp, too weak to tussle ;

And now I find my little shrimp all muscle.

(*SELIM and MIRZA embrace again*)

HAROUN. (*at back*) Into each other's arms the parties fall ;

What happiness to think I've done it all !

The father, something handsome can afford ;

If not, why, " virtue is its own reward."

He'll p'rhaps make me vizier—well, there's no knowing,

Philanthropy's the finest game a-going.

MIRZA. You'll come with us ?

SELIM. Of course, if you desire it

MIRZA. Imitate *me*, boy, if you'd be a pirate ;

Turn up your sleeves—your arms with tar anint,

Then send to pot that 'ere imperial pint ;

(*pointing to his tip*)

Don't wear shirt studs, or gold studs, here, d'ye see ;  
 You're much too *studied* in your dress for me ;  
 Don't walk like this (*assuming a mincing gait*)—to watch  
 you gives me pain ;

You're at Abydos—not in Mincing Lane !  
 Fancy, as on the ground your boot you put,  
 You've sixty-six black beadles 'neath each fut.  
 Here, keep your eye on me, my boy, and I'll  
 Shew you the *gait* that's not far off the *style*.

(*walks across the stage with conventional heavy tread of  
 transpontine ruffians—music*)

Mark me !—I'm animal from head to toe ;  
 My neck is *bull*—my arms are *bare*—just so ;  
 My *locks* of hair so strong, they're almost *bolts* ;  
 My laugh's a hoarse one, and my pistols *Colt's*.

SELIM. Before I join you, though, I first must speak a  
 Word or two, to comfort my Zulieka.

MIRZA. That gal with the dark eyes, and curls capacious !

SELIM. (*nods*)

MIRZA. (*aside*) I've been proposing to my niece,—*oh gracious!*

SELIM. (*going*) I will return soon.

MIRZA.

What are you about ?

SELIM. (*to HAROUN*) Here, Snowball, please to show me the  
 way out.

(*MIRZA uncomfortable for fear of SELIM going*)

HAROUN. Save by the water, there's no way of regress.

SELIM. Pooh ! where there's a negro there must be *an-egress*.

HAROUN. Would you insult me ?

SELIM.

Go along, you fellow.

MIRZA. Of course ! shut up, you second-hand Othello !

(*aside*) He mustn't go, yet how to keep him here ?

I have't ! a sleeping powder in his beer !

(*aloud*) Give us a ballet—let me see—upon

The theme of finding a lov'd long-lost son.

(*dance of PIRATES—during the dance MIRZA has  
 dropped a powder into SELIM'S glass, he gradually  
 becomes drowsy, and at the conclusion of the dance  
 staggers forward*)

SELIM. Oh, gracious goodness ! what is it that creeps

Like death all o'er my frame ? Oh dear ! (*sinks*)

MIRZA.

He sleeps !—

My child restored to me, and such a one :

My life was one dark night without a son ;

I moony grew, and advertizer should ha' been

In the *Morning Star*, a first-rate *plan* it would ha' been !

Whilst lengthened sorrow was, I do declare,

Thinning my curls, at *losing thus my hair*.

Without my child I couldn't life enjoy ;—

Fancy a ship owner without a *buoy*.

Break off your sports!—with joy I shall go wild!  
 At last—ha, ha!—at last I've found my child!  
*(sinks into an attitude of watchful solicitude over SELIM—  
 picture. Music—"Ever of thee" is played as Scene  
 closes)*

SCENE V.—*Same as Scene II.*

*Enter GIAFFIR.*

GIAF. *(to audience)* Ladies and gentlemen, since scene the last,  
 Please to imagine that a fortnight's past.  
 In those two weeks my child behaved most badly;—  
 I feel, alas, I've been too week sadly.—  
 That Selim too, before he disappeared,  
 Gave himself many airs, and grew a beard.  
 I fear me much that boy will work my doom  
 Bensalla!

*Enter BENSALLA, L.*

Is my daughter in her room?  
 For if she is, instanter send her here. *Exit BENSALLA, L.*

*Enter OSMAN BEY, R., a little fat old Oriental, in a great state  
 of perturbation.*

OSMAN. Oh gracious, goodness me!—oh dear! oh dear!  
 That girl will be the death of me!

GIAF. How now?

OSMAN. Papa-in-law, we've just had such a row!  
 Zulieka, instantly I turned my back,  
 Whipped off my bran new turban in a crack;  
 And though I seemed dejected at my loss,  
 Laughed, and commenced a game of pitch and toss.

GIAF. All play!

OSMAN. This turban was an out and outer!

GIAF. Don't be dis-turban of yourself about her.

OSMAN. *(aside)* Directly we are married, I declare I  
 Shall take some lessons from professor Rarey!

GIAF. *(aside)* I hope this foolish feeble fond old lover  
 Won't twig she's mad before the wedding's over,  
 Poor girl! since Selim's left, her little wits  
 Have, quite disjointed, fallen all to bits,  
 But once he's paid the dowry to her father,  
 I think I see him backing out on't, *rather*.

OSMAN. To-morrow, then, your girl becomes my bride?

GIAF. *(starting with affected grief)* I—to-morrow!

OSMAN. Now, I will not bedenied!

GIAF. Part with my sole remaining prop! oh my!

I hope you'll always treat her prop-erly;

Excuse an old man's tears of miserie,

What did you say the dowry was to be?

OSMAN. That's settled——



GIAF. Ah! but settle it once more—  
(*a loud and long knock heard*)

Ha! ha!

OSMAN. Who dat a knocking at de door?

*Enter BENSALLA.*

GIAF. (*to BENSALLA*) How now, Bensalla? What's that knocking mean—eh?

*Enter SELIM attired in a cloak, pushing BENSALLA aside—exit BENSALLA.*

GIAF. Who's this?

SELIM. (*in a pompous tone*) Professor Spindleshankserini, hearing of these festivities, I've brought  
My troupe of Dervishes—they're in the court;  
They're all first rate, and have refused, I swear  
Engagements at the Alhambra, Leicester Square!  
Sadi is good at springs and summersaults;  
Less like a man than like a *spirit* vaults.

GIAF. And, what may your particular forte be?

SELIM. Oh! I'm the strong man of the company,  
I balance on my head my brother Sadi,  
He lifts up Muley, whilst another grade he  
Adds, for his youngest son, forth thus he launches—  
A human tree, tumbling in all its branches,  
Grant us your leaves, and that our tree completes,  
Witness your hands, and witness then our feats.  
(*hands a card to GIAFFIR*)

Our terms of hire.

GIAF. (*shrugs his shoulders*) Dear!

SELIM. Well, men must live.

GIAF. (*returning card*) Your terms are higher than we like to give.

OSMAN. (*aside to GIAFFER*) She'd wish these Dervishes engaged, I say  
She'll fancy I've obey'd *her wishes*, eh?

GIAF. (*to SELIM*) Your troupe's engaged—keep sober, sir, mind that,

See that they wipe their feet upon the mat,  
We'll settle after you have had your fling.

SELIM. (*aside*) 'Twill truly be a day of settling!  
(*aloud*) Before performances we don't eat meat,  
But puddings,—something simple, light, and sweet;  
Rice—and, although I fear it makes 'em fatter,  
My acrobats 'll eat an *acre o' batter*. *Exit.*

GIAF. (*aside*) Here comes my child—poor girl, she's very mad,  
And what's most odd. Zobiede's just as bad;  
Like mistresses, like maid—I see's her creed;  
Zobiede's *dis-obedi-ent* indeed.

(ZULIEKA, with straw in her hair, and a wild manner, enters, L., and gives a slight jump; the two OLD MEN jump sympathetically; ZULIEKA comes down, c.)

OSMAN. (*aside*) She's a she-Lear!

GIAF. (*aside to him*) She'll 'ear you—pray be wary.

OSMAN. (*aside*) Straw in her 'air!—its most extraordinary!

*Concerted Piece.*—"Fanny Grey."

GIAF. Well, well, miss, so you've come at last!

We'd thought you'd come no more.

OSMAN. To be kept waiting all this time's,  
A most tremendous bore.

ZULIE. (*pointing R.*) Look there!

OSMAN. Well, where?

GIAF. Why, how you stare!

ZULIE. (*clutching them both by the arm*) Come here, come here,  
I say.

OSMAN. What can you want?

ZULIE. (*to OSMAN BEY*) Depend upon't,  
(*clutching his beard tightly*) Your beard's becoming grey.

(*dances with him to L., during symphony*)

*spoken* { OSMAN. Insulting girl!

GIAF. (*in agony*) She flatters you.

OSMAN. How, pray?

GIAF. She says your beard is a becoming grey.

(*Song resumed*)

OSMAN. My dear Zulieka, are you in the habit, pray, confess,  
Of taking anything to drink when you go up to dress?  
I fear you keep a bottle, snug, somewhere in your  
boudoir;

You don't appreciate me, and don't care for me——

ZULIE. (*plucking a straw from her hair, and tickling him*).

A straw. (*short dance of all three to symphony*)

OSMAN. D'ye know me, Zuly?—please your eyes don't roll.

ZULIE. You are a fishmonger.

GIAF. Alas, poor soul!

OSMAN. My dear!

GIAF. *Ma chère!*

OSMAN. (*aside*) She's cracked, to that I'll swear.

GIAF. (*aside*) I fear *ma chère's* as mad as a march hare.

*Enter ZOBEIDE.*—*Her dress and antics are in absurd imitation of ZULIEKA; ZULEIKA is standing still, R.*

OSMAN. The strangest family I ever saw, this is,  
The maid appears as cranky as her missis.

ZULIE. (*seizing both the old men*) Canst thou not 'minister to a mind diseased?

(*to OSMAN BEY*) I know you could, old fellow, if you pleased!

GIAF. Has Bedlam broken loose? please let me know, My child?

ZULIE. Ha! ha!

GIAF. (*to ZOBEIDE*) You girl!

ZOBEI. He! he!

GIAF. Ho! ho!

(*to ZOBEIDE*) You're only shamming: why, you know no cares.

(*ZOBEIDE stares vacantly at GIAFFIR*)

OSMAN. How it must tire her, *getting up those stares*.

Duet. — ZULIEKA and ZOBEIDE. — "*They call me pretty Madeline.*"

ZULIE. They call me pretty mad Zuleika;  
They say my lover's left me,  
And of my wits bereft me:  
Once no laa-lamb could be meeker:  
Now, "*nous avons change 'tout cèla!*"  
All the day I laugh, ha, ha!  
And the Bey, I chaff, ha, ha!  
Ha! ha! ha!

(*laughs wildly to the symphony and dances eccentrically*)

ZOBIE. They call me pretty mad Zobiede:  
Once I was a merry  
Fille de chambre, jolly very,  
Never sad and sorrowful, or seedy,  
Now nous avons changé tout cèla."

BOTH. All the day we laugh, ha, ha! — &c.

*The ladies indulge in a pas, and dance off hand in hand. — The old folks look mystified for a moment, but join hands, and dance after them.*

CENE VI. — *Terrace on the Shores of the Hellespont. — The stage is set out for the performance of public games; a raised seat with throne, L., GIAFFIR and OSMAN BEY seated. ZULIEKA and ZOBIEDE on cushions. — Guards, Attendants. Flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter SELIM.*

SELIM. Grand pas de what's his name.

(*OSMAN BEY is being polite to ZULIEKA, who resents it*)

ZULIE. You horrid tease!

SELIM. (*a la M. C.*) Now Almas, take your partners, if you pleasé.



(OSMAN BEY goes to sleep. *Dance of Almas.* SELIM comes on with the apparatus used by street acrobats to clear the course)

SELIM. Those wondrous acrobats, of great renown,  
The flying voltigeurs of Camden Town!

*Music.—Galop from Gustarus. Enter MIRZA; he has an old cap on, an old great coat, and is playing pan-pipes, and beating a large drum: also—Enter MULEY, SADI, and HAROUN, in old coats, which they all throw off, and appear in fleshings as street tumblers, their hair bound round with scarlet fillets. MIRZA and the PIRATES go through a mock acrobatic performance with intense seriousness, leading the spectators to expect something marvellous, and of course doing nothing but the simplest tricks. During one of the feats SELIM discovers himself to ZULIEKA.*

ZULIE. What do I see? My Selim! Do I dream?

SELIM. Zulieka, dearest; on your life don't scream,  
I've come to bear you to a distant clime;  
See, I've the back-door key. Quick! now's your time.

*ZULIEKA and SELIM, steal off unperceived, L.*

GIAF. (to MIRZA) Your whole performance is extremely daring,  
But something in your manner and your bearing,  
Assures me, that, in short, you are not quite  
What you pretend to be.

MIRZA. For once you're right.  
In me you see——(*fixing his eyes on GIAFFIR sternly*)

GIAF. (*quailing, aside*) Oh, dear!

MIRZA. (*aside*) Now comes the smasher.  
(*aloud, and throwing off his wig*) Thy brother! and  
Abydos' lawful Pasha! (*consternation*)

Alive! though dead these twenty summers—thought to be!

GIAF. (*faintly*) You ain't! You're dead—at all events, you  
ought to be.

*Song.—MIRZA.—Air, "Ben Bolt."*

*(in the drawling style of street boys)*

Oh! don't you remember Abdallah?

GIAFFER makes a movement to L.

Don't bolt!

Abdallah, Pasha of this town,

You blubber'd with joy,

When he call'd you "good boy,"

And wept when he gave you a brown;

Of his *due* brother, you made a great big bolt.

Gulp'd his title, position, it's true!

The riddle's explained,

How your rank was obtained.

(*He goes out.*) *Abdallah, I shall just riddle you*

GIAF. Abdallah ! I shall sink into the earth.

(*aside*) Why did I plot his death, and take his berth ?  
But, where's Zulieka ?

*Music.*—A galley with light sail puffed out, appears at  
back with SELIM and ZULIEKA in it ; OSMAN BEY  
wakes up.

MIRZA.

There !

GIAF.

Expire I shall !

OSMAN. Here ! stop that galley, and bring back that gal !

GIAF. (*draws his sabre, and rushing on MIRZA*) This to thy  
recreant heart !

MIRZA. (*coolly guarding*) Precisely so ! (*short combat*)

One, two, three, over—one, two, three, and——

(*knocks GIAFFER on the head, he sinks doubled up in  
HAROUN'S arms*)

GIAF.

Oh !

OSMAN BEY, *who has got round, kicks GIAFFIR—  
SELIM and ZULIEKA have landed from galley and  
come down, c.*

SELIM. But ere we tempt the stormy billows' brunt,  
We owe a duty to our friends in front.

ZULIE. Oh, poor papa !

MIRZA. My dear, he'll be all right—  
Lively as ever, by to-morrow night.

SELIM. But one thing's wanted to complete our bliss,  
It rests upon your hands.

MIRZA. (*confidentially to audience*) He means do this.

SELIM. The breath of your good wishes is enough  
Our sails to fill, without one further puff.  
Some few short comings errors you may call ;—  
Look at our size, and you'll forget them all !

*Concerted Piece.*—Air, " *Whisper of love.*"—Waltz, *Montgomery.*

SELIM. Kind friends, smile on us pray,  
In the old fashioned way ;

ZULIE. Your frowns we fear,  
Don't be severe.

ZOBEL. Say that you'll pardon us,  
Don't be too hard on us.

MIRZA. And when you go away,  
To your friends prythee say,  
" Oh, 'tis so good—really you should  
Go to the Strand without any delay."

*Chorus*—Kind friends, &c.

**Curtain.**



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